

Share the Wealth

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Share the Wealth

by [CerysKitty](#)

Summary

Gunmetal shows off his pet, and Tapper gets to meet some new people.

Notes

SO. Ever have those kinky ideas, but no canon characters that'll work with them?

I literally just made up some OCs so I can write kinky shit, and this 'series' will be oneshots featuring whatever I want to put them through tbh

For this fic, all you need to know, is that Gunmetal has been put in charge of a Decepticon base, in the back end of absolutely fucking nowhere, and that's just the way he likes it. He took Tapper with him, had all the unruly Cons killed, made peace with the Autobot base nearby, and now he's settled in for a nice, enjoyable time to wait out the end of the war~

Gunmetal is a pretty standard tank warbuild.

Tapper is a short, skinny linguistics and communications expert (with a shitty moped alt mode which he never shows anyone, and pretends he just transforms into a bit of recording equipment)

Their relationship began as a sort of 'I'll 'face with you if you protect me' deal, but hey good for them, turns out they're both hella into weird shit so they get to live long, happy kinky lives together~

“So this is the mech I’ve heard so much about?” Flight Strike seemed impressed as he gave Tapper a once over, but Gunmetal paid him no mind. He’d drawn up a quiet ceasefire order with the Autobot commander years ago, but it had taken him a while to trust Gunmetal enough to ‘sneak’ into his base, though the promise of good high grade and intelligent conversation were what eventually persuaded him to visit. Tapper merely gave him a glance, then sat next to Gunmetal to tap away at his datapad, presumably finishing off whatever section he was at with his translation; work was slow when the only enemy within lightyear’s distance was currently slouched comfortably in a chair at your base, so Tapper had been bolstering their income with linguistic services over the datanet to whoever might want it.

“Mmm, I take it you’ve heard a lot?” The things they got up to weren’t exactly a secret, nor could they be when they occasionally involved every mech under his command fragging Tapper into a stupor, and he knew of at least two cross-faction ‘arrangement’s going on, so he’d suspected the Autobots had known for a while.

“Mostly about his stamina, and uh... Flexibility...” Tapper grinned, but didn’t take his optics off his work, and Gunmetal merely rumbled his engine in agreement.

“Words don’t do him justice, do you wanna try him for yourself?” Gunmetal was the picture of nonchalance, even while Flight Strike spluttered into his cube. Tapper merely squirmed, and Gunmetal watched as he saved his work, then wriggled a little closer into his side, and purred when a heavy head pet down his back. He waited until the Autobot had gathered himself before continuing. “Might as well take him back to your base, let everyone have a taste.” This time Flight Strike didn’t choke, but his blush was clearly visible all the way to the tips of his wings.

“Y– you’re serious?”

“Mm hm, and at least then the rumours can be put to rest. Beside, Tapper could do with a change of scenery, couldn’t you?” He could practically feel Tapper vibrate next him, and it was a wonder he was still sitting with how clearly excited he was.

“Yes please!” He calmed slightly when Gunmetal stroked up his back, to rest his hand on the heavy collar around Tapper’s neck, and after a moment to relax he turned to grab Gunmetal’s hand, and bestow a soft kiss to the palm. “What’re the rules Master?”

“Good question, but I think you need to get changed first. Bend over the desk, let Flight Strike see you.” Tapper was eager as he shot up and turned to the desk, spreading his legs and bending nicely to show off his aft to the others, and he mewled and arched into the touch when Gunmetal stood to the side and stroked down his back. “Good boy, and you’ll be a nice pet for the ‘bots won’t you?”

“Yes master!” His voice was muffled by the table, though Gunmetal could see the sliver of his face lying on his arms, and he was pleased to see his optics bright and excited, as if the way he pushed up into the touch on his aft wasn’t clear enough that he really, *really* wanted this.

“Good boy.” A final stroke to his aft, and Gunmetal dug his finger into the seam, finding the latch with years of practice. Casually, he turned to Flight Strike to make sure the bot was watching as he prised the panel off, and with it the two huge spikes that had been kept warm and moist inside his pet. “We saved up and bought Tapper an extra valve mod a while ago. Easy enough, what with the tips he gets when I tie him up in the rec room, so we figured we’d put the money to good use.” He slipped three fingers into the gaping aft port, and rumbled in approval when Tapper tried to shove himself further on, and he chatted on while they both watched Tapper frag himself on his hand.

“Tapper hasn’t had an integrated modesty panel in vorns though, but he finds it easier to keep the fake one on with two toys rather than one, don’t you?”

“Yes master, oh please, please!”

“You can overload if you want.” And his pet did, thrusting his aft into Gunmetal’s hand erratically as he worked himself through his overload.

“You... You mean he’s... ?” Flight Strike trailed off, either unable to find the words, or too distracted by the show, but Gunmetal knew what he meant.

“Mm hm, if he wants to leave our rooms, then he has to go out without his plating, or with the fake one in place. But you love it, don’t you pet?”

“Yes master, love it so much!”

“And you love it more when I fill you so full of toys, you can’t fit the panel in too, don’t you? You like it when your comrades stare at your stuffed array, and the way your spike tries to fight against its little cage.”

“Yes master, oh frag please can I have another? Please!” Gunmetal could feel the clench as the smaller valve rippled around his fingers, and he twisted them and lifted, until Tapper’s feet left the floor, and his pet was trembling with charge again.

“Another what? Overload, or finger?” He heard the muffled ‘overload’, but gave him another finger anyway, and enjoyed watching his pet shudder as the stretch tipped him over the edge again.

“C-cage?” Across from them, Flight Strike seemed to be struggling not to overload himself, and his high grade was long forgotten in favour of fisting his hands by his thighs, clearly desperate to touch either himself or Tapper. Gunmetal idly wondered what it would take to have the mech’s panels spring open without a touch, but perhaps that could be a game for another day.

“Turn around pet, show him.” And Tapper did, though he moaned at the loss of Gunmetal’s fingers, he was eager to lean back on the table, so that Flight Strike could get a good look at his swollen valve, pierced sensory nub, and the little plastic dome that was stopping his spike from pressurising. The transparent dome was smeared with pale pre-fluid from his pet’s spike, but it was easy to see the thick rod that disappeared down its length, filling him up while the cap kept it inside. “Tapper likes feeling full *everywhere*, and if his spike is kept hard in its sheath, then it’s just that little bit tighter in his main valve. Of course, I let it out if he needs to take something truly huge, the sort that has his abdominal plating warping, but mostly I like to keep it stuffed full and locked away. Makes his overloads better too, with the transfluid backing up in the tanks, though perhaps that’s an acquired taste.”

He pressed over the spike cap, and hushed Tapper as he hissed and jerked into the pressure. It would be nice to get his spike out for a bit of fun again soon actually, they hadn’t really played with it much recently, and it was always nice to watch Tapper cover himself in his own fluids.

“Anyway, I’m keeping you from getting home. Tapper, stay still a moment.” His pet obeyed, and Flight Strike watched intently as Gunmetal wandered over a cabinet, and brought forth a few toys. It was a simple task to have Tagger twist onto his front again, and he rewarded him with a tug on his nub piercing before he started laying out the rules. “You and your mechs are only allowed to use his main valve, I’ll be plugging up his aft.” As he said it, he slipped the thick toy inside, and with a click to the bottom, watched Tapper writhe as the base ‘knot’ expanded, locking it in place.

Next up, a rather huge toy, that he slid into his pet's main valve with little effort, though it was a bit of a push to force that one's bulbous base inside too, and he pet Tapper's back encouragingly as he wriggled a little to adjust them inside him. He took a long moment to enjoy the way both valve lips and aft rim spread wide around the base of the toys, and he absently traced where the lips thinned to take the girth, and to the frontal node which was obviously swollen and in desperate need of attention. He gave it a flick, before he twisted Tapper around and then pushed him down to kneel.

He barely managed to let his own spike cover slide aside, and Tapper was on it, nuzzling and kissing his length as it pressurised. He hadn't been told he was allowed to take it into his mouth yet, so he worshiped it with light touches instead, and Gunmetal stroked his helm appreciatively. Next to them, Flight Strike was sitting on his hands as he watched avidly.

"You can suck." He hissed as Tapper took him into his mouth, and without even a moment of hesitation, he was swallowed to the base, and Gunmetal stroked over the bulge of his spike in Tapper's intake, stroking himself through his pet as Tapper set to work. "Other rules. Don't hurt him, and if he says stop then you will do so instantly. His valve can take a lot, and two spikes should fit fine, but if you want to try for more then take it slowly."

"M- more?" Flight Strike's voice was mostly static. "How?!"

"You've got an arm haven't you?" Tapper moaned around his spike, clearly liking the idea, and Gunmetal could feel his overload balling up, nearly ready to go. "Once you're done with him, just plug him back up and send him home, he knows the way. Pet, don't swallow, keep it in your mouth." It was fair warning, and Tapper pulled himself up until he was only lapping and sucking at the head, and he opened his mouth wide and ready when Gunmetal overloaded with a grunt, his hands cupped under his chin to catch any stray drops.

Another pet to the helm, and Gunmetal picked up the last toy; a mask, that would look perfectly normal on any bot, save for the thick false spike that protruded from the inner side. It was long, and as he slid it into Tapper's mouth, he could easily see the length as it slipped down his intake. Another bulbous knot, that it took an extra hand and effort to secure it behind Tapper's denta, but when it was finally in it wasn't coming out without a struggle, and in the meantime Tapper was unable to swallow, and would have the Gunmetal's transfluid smeared around his mouth an intake, until he'd decided that his pet had had enough. Still, he'd never known anyone to love the taste of transfluid so much as his little lover, so perhaps he'd leave it in for a while, and only take it out to refill the 'taste' before shoving it back in.

"Can you speak for me?"

"Yes master." The voice was flat and unattractive without the aid of his mouth, but Tapper's vocaliser worked fine, so he'd be able to easily say *stop* or *more* if he needed to. A final check, to make sure that the mask was flush to his Tapper face, and that the valve toys wouldn't come free on the walk to or from the bases, and he judged his pet good to go.

"Good. I'm afraid you'll need to walk with him, he doesn't have a mobile alt mode." Flight Strike nodded in a daze. "Pet, come." And Tapper obediently followed and both he and Flight Strike were shown to the door. The final item, a leash, was clipped to his pet's nub piercing, the length going through the D-ring on his collar, and Gunmetal tugged gently to test it, and nodded when Tapper jolted forward. "Don't be afraid to pull him if he starts to slow down too much. Have fun, and I'll see you later pet."

A final stroke to his pet's helm, and he just nuzzled and dimmed his optics happily, though they brightened considerably when the door opened, and Flight Strike hesitantly tugged him to leave.

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